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LAURENT'S SECOND GRAND WINTER BALL, at
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tended his grand Christmas ball, he has, at the request of numerous persons of dis-
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casion. Programme: Quadrille, Dinorah, Laurent; Valse, Reigning Beauty,
D'Albert; Quadrille, Satanelia, Laurent; Polka, Marguerite, Laurent; Lancera,
Original; Valse, Sicilian Vespers, (first time) Laurent; Galop, Satanelia, Laurent;
Quadrille, Christmas Waits, Laurent; Polka, Persia, D'Albert; Valse, Donna
Julia, Laurent; Lancera, Second Set, Laurent; Galop, Four-in-hand, T. Browne;
Quadrille, Martha, Laurent; Valse, Christy's, Laurent; Polka, Mistletoe,
Laurent; Lancera, New, Tinney; Valse, Dinorah, Laurent; Quadrille, Serpentine,
Burekhardt; Valse, Satanelia, Laurent; Quadrille, Kenilworth, Tinney; Valse,
Undine, Coote; Galop, Avalanche, Coote; Polka, Soldiers, D'Albert; Lancera,
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The object of this Association is to bring together the amateur instrumentalists of London and its suburbs, for the practice and performance of oratorios, masses, cantatas, symphonies, operatic selections, and overtures, including compositions but little known to the general public, with other chef-d'œuvres of the great masters, suitable for band and chorus conjointly or separately.

For the benefit of the amateur department, weekly rehearsals will be held on every Saturday Evening, at Eight o'clock, at the Architectural Gallery, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, and during the season, concerts will be given at one of the large theatres or concert-rooms, with the important assistance of the honorary professional members, and in conjunction with the chorus, as soon as the necessary proficiency is attained.

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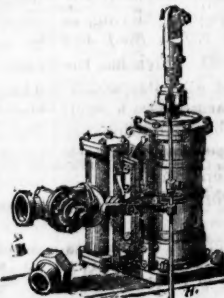
1. Beautiful Star, and Ring de Banjo.
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REVIEWS.

Judging from the number of pieces forwarded to our office for review, by the last mail, we are warranted in believing that our musical composers (amateurs especially) wish us to regard their contributions in the light of (as the French say) "*étrennes*," or of (as the English say) "New Year's gifts." As such, then, they must be welcomed with politeness, if not with warmth—with courtesy, if not with enthusiasm. It behoves, nevertheless, to turn them over in as little time as possible—a mere glance at their contents being all that we can spare (and, in most instances, all that is requisite).

First appears Mr. J. G. Callcott, with "*Come in, and shut the door*" (Cramer, Beale and Chappell), a song to some lively verses by "J. P. H." The music—even livelier than the words—though simple as a hammer, is by no means ungenial. It contains, however, a progression, from the key of C major to that of E major, (Page 2, line 2); and another from the 6-4 on G natural to the common chord of A minor, by means of a harmony with G sharp in the bass, and F natural and G natural as melody; both of which might be advantageously reconsidered. At the same time let us thank Mr. Callcott for a really appropriate new year's gift.

Next comes the very prolific Mr. Balfe, with a couple of bran-new ballads (this gentleman's ballads are in number as the herrings), and neither of them in his least successful manner. "*The Rose on the Heath*," indeed (Cramer, Beale and Chappell)—to a neat translation, by Mr. Alfred Baskerville, of a well known lyric of Goethe—is one of the prettiest and freshest that has recently dropped from the Balfe pen. As a no less tasteful, though perhaps less racy compound of materials, which, in Mr. Balfe's hands, would appear inexhaustible, "*Farewell, dear home*" (Cramer, Beale and Chappell)—a setting of some very well turned lines by Mr. W. H. Bellamy, on a somewhat threadbare subject, will also find admirers.

Mr. H. T. Leftwich—"composer," as the foot of the title-page assures us, "of the favourite song of 'The Fountain,'"—presents us with a river. "*The River*" (Clinton and Co.)—styled "canzonet"—an apostrophe to some inland water, name unmentioned, if not equal to that other and renowned apostrophe by Laureate Tennyson (who has four times successively immortalised himself in *The Idylls of the King*), is creditable to the poetic feeling of Mrs. Southey, the authoress. The music of Mr. Leftwich is attractive if not new, and singable if not always grammatical. The hidden octaves between bass and voice (page 2—last bar of line 2, and first bar of line 3), to single out an example, considerably damage the effect of a not ungraceful phrase of melody.

Mr. Bianchi Taylor—of whom the erewhile fashionable town of Bath is (and with reason) as proud now as at any foregone period—has made us a most acceptable offering, in the shape of a duet for treble voices, called "*The Bird and the Blossom*" (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell), which has the double merit of being genuinely melodious and irreproachably scholar-like. The effect of this charming trifle, well sung, either in public or private, would be unquestionably good. But why suppress the name of a poet who makes the bird address the flower in such mellifluous epigram?

In "*Aletheia*"—nocturne pour le piano-forte (Clinton and Co.)—Mr. H. T. Leftwich—"Examiner," as the foot of the title page assures us, "to the College of Preceptors"—presents us with a veritable *cadeau* and a French inscription. We like his English token better. "*Aletheia*" (what a far-fetched

name for a near-fetched piece!) belongs to the ordinary—very ordinary (*extra-ordinary*?)—sort of florid, ornamental, sentimental, instrumental (detrimental—to taste?) drawing-room *nocturne*, in the drawing-room key of D flat major, the type of which is absolutely worn to tatters, and of which the patch now sewed on by Mr. Leftwich by no means lessens the general seediness. "*Aletheia*" sounds new; but "*Aletheia*" sounds old. *Per Bacco!*

The dear old nursery-rhyme sets out as follows:—

"First came the ladies, prim, prim, prim;
Then came the gentlemen, trim, trim, trim;
Then came the country-folks, &c."

But we have inadvertently reversed the order, and given precedence to the "gentlemen" (Messrs. Balfe and Co.) and "country-folks" (Messrs. Taylor and Co.). Soliciting "mille pardons" (which, we presume, means begging pardon 1000 times), we now acknowledge, with gratitude, Miss Virginia Gabriel's slightly tormented, a thought over-modulated, a trifle unfinished (see *bare fourth*—page 1, line 3, bar 3), but otherwise graceful and expressive song, called "*One passed by*" (Hale and Son—Cheltenham),—which, but that the monosyllable, "*One*," is too frequently *underlined*—after the manner of the epistles attributed to ladies, generally, by the caustic and illustrious author of *Pendennis*—would be as creditable to the poet (Edward Maitland, Esq.) as to the fairer minstrel who has married his lines to music. If Miss Gabriel would confer still less she would confer still more on her admirers. There is too much "fluster" in her method of harmonising. She should peruse the lines (we forget which) of (we forget what) Roman poet.

Dr. Doran's fragrant "*Summer Flowers*," set to music by Sarah Gilbert (Hale and Sons), would have been a more acceptable present had the compositress submitted her work to a pedagogue, able to detect, and willing to point out for reconsideration, such faults as occur in page 1, line 1, bar 2 (consecutive fifths); page 2, line 2, bars 2, 3 (bad harmony on the words, "lilies wreath"); and elsewhere. At the same time, we regret to add, the song is in any case irredeemably common-place.

Mr. Balfe has transmitted us another New Year's gift, in the shape of "*Songs for the New Year; Album of Vocal Music*" (Boosey and Sons). This Balfe-Annual is to be recommended in every way—recommended (with little reserve) for its music; recommended (except in one or two instances) for its poetry; recommended (unconditionally) for its engravings,—pictures, we mean; and recommended for the elegance of the designs, covers, and general getting-up. The front cover is curiously devised in Alhambraic fashion, the prevalent colours being scarlet, blue, and white on a gold ground. The Title and Presentation Pages are designed with infinite taste, white and gold alone being employed, with the exception of a delicate light pink, which is used to bestow a bloom on violets—whose hue, we have hitherto taken for granted, is generally deep blue. The Album contains fourteen pieces—songs duets, &c.—the poets being Tennyson, Longfellow, Kingsley, John Oxenford, Jessica Rankin, Henry Neale and Uhland. In short, it may be commended as one of the most elegant musical offerings of the season.

And now, with an acknowledgement of yet two further presentations from the same source, we must conclude our chapter of thanks, until renewed strength, in our next number, allows us to resume it. These are, "*Fortune and her Wheel*"—poetry by Alfred Tennyson—music composed

and dedicated to the Earl of Hillsborough by M. W. Balfe; and "*The Song of Love and Death*"—Poetry by Alfred Tennyson—music composed and dedicated to Lord Arthur Hill by M. W. Balfe. (Boosey and Sons.)

Mr. Balfe exhibits a more poetical feeling in some of his recent ballad compositions than even in his operative works. This, no doubt, may be attributed to the higher class of poetry on which his muse has been employed. In Longfellow's lyrics, the composer of *The Bohemian Girl* first proved that he could divest himself of that leaning towards the modern sentimental school—himself the originator—which, however it may have tended to augment his popularity, has gained him but a questionable reputation with the thinking world. The vein, once discovered, has not been allowed to lie unexplored. In Tennyson's exquisite poem, "Come into the garden, Maud," and in others by the same illustrious poet, Mr. Balfe has achieved unwonted honours. These he has followed up with some characteristic ballads, to verses of striking beauty, by the Rev. Charles Kingsley—such as "The Sands of Dee," &c. The two songs before us are from Tennyson's grand poem, *The Idylls of the King*—a work, though not yet thoroughly appreciated, destined to never-dying renown. That Mr. Balfe has succeeded in realising the ideas of Mr. Tennyson we will not assert; but that he has indicated a loftier aim in the compositions under notice than in his most favourite contributions to the stage or concert-room, cannot be denied. At all events, the songs from the *Idylls of the King* possess such merit as must raise Mr. Balfe in the estimation of all lovers of real melody.

Of the two songs, we prefer "Fortune and her Wheel." The air has caught with much felicity the self-reliant tone of the verses. The words it is impossible to refrain from quoting:—

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, or cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up nor down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

"Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man, and master of his fate."

"*The Song of Love and Death*" is neither so simple nor so spontaneous, although the feeling is undeniable. Both songs are in 3-4 time, but the measured march of one, and the broken flow of the other, form an appropriate contrast. The poetry of the last is again so exquisite, that we must quote it, like its predecessor—

"Sweet is true love, tho' giv'n in vain;
And sweet is death, who puts an end to pain;
I know not which is sweeter; no, not I.
Love, art thou sweet? Then bitter death must be;
Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die!

"Sweet Love, that seems not made to fade away;
Sweet death, that seems to make us lifeless clay;
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I!
I fain would follow love, if that could be;
I needs must follow death, who calls for me;
Call and I follow; let me die!"

Both of these songs are written—as one of Shakspeare's commentators said of some of the Sonnets—in the "repetitive style," meaning thereby, we suppose, to point to the frequent reiteration of the same word. Mr. Tennyson seems, indeed, to have caught the very spirit which pervades that wondrous

series of heart-yearnings, in the songs of the *Idylls of the King*, and to have employed his pen on the same subjects—Love and Melancholy—"Fortune and her Wheel" constituting a solitary exception. The two lyrics under review form companions to the song "Trust me not at all, or all in all;"—another exquisite piece from the *Idylls of the King*, of which Mr. Balfe first made choice to exercise his art upon. The three should never be separated, for it is difficult to say which is most to be commended, each having its special excellence. "Fortune and her Wheel," and "The Song of Love and Death," do not differ more widely from each other than "Trust me all in all, or not at all," differs from both.

Thus Mr. Balfe's *étrennes* are in a style of munificence becoming his con-spicuous station.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

UNIT BASSES.

SIR,—To illustrate the remarks in my last respecting the various systems of sounds, I subjoin the following:—

SYSTEMS OF SOUNDS.

Primary Bases.	Primary Chords.	Derivative Chords.	Unit Sounds.
E flat	E flat, G flat, B flat E flat, G, B flat	G flat, B flat, D flat B flat, D, F B flat, D flat, F G, B flat, D	B flat
B flat	B flat, D flat, F B flat, D, F	D flat, F, A flat F, A, C F, A flat, C D, F, A	F
F	F, A flat, C F, A, C	A flat, C, E flat C, E, G C, E flat, G A, C, E	C
C	C, E flat, G C, E, G	E flat, G, B flat G, B, D G, B flat, D E, G, B	G
G	G, B flat, D G, B, D	B flat, D, F D, F sharp, A D, F, A B, D, F sharp	D
D	D, F, A D, F sharp, A	F, A, C A, C sharp, E A, C, E F sharp, A, C sharp	A
A	A, C, E A, C sharp, E	C, E, G E, G sharp, B E, G, B C sharp, E, G sharp	E
E	E, G, B E, G sharp, B	G, B, D B, D sharp, F sharp B, D, F sharp G sharp, B, D sharp	B

The unit-sound, with which all the other sounds in the same system are consonant, is known by its appearance in each chord, primary and derivative, and is always a 5th above the primary basis. The primary chords in one system form the principal derivative chords (known by their having the same sound for their fundamental base) in the adjacent

system, the two systems being thus closely connected. It will be perceived that, if we take any primary basis on which to construct a diatonic scale, the whole of the sounds forming the scale are contained in the primary chords connected with that basis, and those of the two adjacent systems; these primary chords forming the most simple and natural harmonies of the scale. When these proceed from one system to the one adjacent, the harmonies flow in a natural and connected manner, but when they pass over the intermediate system the harmonies are unconnected—not one sound in the primary chords of one system being found in those of the other. Thus from C, the primary basis, the scale of C is formed from the primary chords of C, F, and G.

In the attendant harmonies we proceed from system to system by single degrees unto A, the sixth of the scale, which is contained in F; the next sound, B, not being found in the adjacent system, C, but in that of G, the second from F. This disagreeable effect of the unconnected harmonies is avoided by passing through some of the derivative harmonies, in addition to the primary, connected with these systems, more generally by retaining the primary basis F in combination with the primary major chord of the system G, thus forming the chord of the dominant 7th. It will now be perceived that this introduction of the primary basis F immediately leads the ear to the sounds and harmonies of that system, to which it is, as it were, the key; the resolution of the discord being upon any of the derivative chords belonging to that system, but usually upon one of the principal of these. The chord of the 7th thus becomes the fundamental principle of all modulations or transitions from system to system. When the 3rd of the primary chord is introduced in addition to the basis, it forms the chord of the 9th. If upon the unit-sound of the system as a bass, the chords of the 7th and 9th become the chords of the 11th and 13th, and like the chord of the 7th, the resolution of the discord is upon the derivative harmonies. I may here remark that sounds, although nominally the same, are not always the same in reality; but so long as any sound appears in adjacent systems it is exactly the same; when it re-enters after a disappearance, it is invariably changed. If the table were extended in both directions, it would be perceived that each note enters three different times; if we take the pitch of any sound when it enters as a primary, at unity, or $\frac{1}{1}$, then when it enters any system below the primary it is $\frac{2}{3}$, and when any above it is $\frac{3}{2}$, every sound, according to the order of the primaries, entering and disappearing under three distinct forms. Thus the sound G appears first in the system E, to which basis it is a minor 3rd, and has the form $\frac{3}{2}$, which is continued in the adjacent system A; it disappears in D, and re-enters G as a primary, having the form $\frac{1}{1}$, or unity, which is continued in the systems C and F; it again disappears in B flat, and enters again in E flat as a major 3rd, having the form $\frac{4}{3}$, which is continued in A flat, after which it finally disappears. It is remarkable that under whichever form the note appears in any chord, the forms of the other notes in that chord are varied accordingly, making the ratios of the minor 3rd, major 3rd, and 5th constant, a fact for the consideration of Mr. D. C. Hewitt, who will perceive that the sound F in the system G is not the same as the primary basis F, which is the true dominant 7th, and is always a major-tone (ratio $\frac{2}{1}$) below G; the other being a minor-tone (ratio $\frac{9}{8}$) below. Similar remarks apply to every dominant 7th, which sound and the 5th of the dominant chord never appear together in any system. I think Mr. Hewitt will now fully comprehend the true character of the chord of the 7th, and that the interval D F in this chord (his examples 3 and 7) is not a minor 3rd (ratio $\frac{3}{2}$), nor is it his minor 3rd (ratio $\frac{1}{2}$), although it is nearly so—the ratio of this interval being $\frac{3}{2}$, which, as compared with his ratio, is as 512:513. Most unfortunate is it for him, and for his idea, that his prime 19, in connection with his unit-basis, should be so near and yet not quite agree with the ratio even of this interval. It is evident from the preceding, that the true fundamental bass of this chord (his Ex. 3 and 7) is G, the F not being naturally connected with the concord D, G, B, but is the basis of another system added to the concord, leading the ear to the harmonies connected with that system, as has been previously shown. This will appear plainly to the eye by writing down the ratios,

D	F	G	B
1	$\frac{3}{2}$	$\frac{4}{3}$	$\frac{5}{4}$

which, by eliminating the octave sounds, and giving all the same form of denominator, are—

$\frac{2}{3}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{4}{5}$
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The sounds which belong to the same system have the same denominator 3, which are the sounds of the concord; the numerator 3 of the unit-sound refers downwards a 5th, to G, the fundamental bass, which

is also the bass of the primary chord, or which is the same thing, the basis of the system; for the primary basis being a 5th below the unit-sound has always the form $\frac{1}{2}$. The sound F also appears as a primary basis, but being in a modified form, the factor 9 in the denominator points upwards two-5ths (or a major tone) to the fundamental bass of the chord with which it is connected; also, the numerator being unity, the complete denominator 27 points upwards three-5ths to D, the unit-sound. The same facts will appear on writing down the ratios of his equivocal chord (Ex. 9):—

B	D	F	A flat
1	$\frac{2}{3}$	$\frac{4}{3}$	$\frac{15}{8}$

eliminating the octave sounds, and giving all the same form of denominator, they would be—

$\frac{3}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{15}$
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the numerator 5 of the unit-sound B refers a major 3rd below to G, the fundamental bass; the factors 9 under F, and 15 under A flat point upwards respectively two-5ths and a major 3rd and 5th to G, as before; the complete denominators of the two last point upwards to B, the unit-sound. The equality of the numerators of F and A flat denotes them to be a minor chord; also, the numerators being unity, show that it is a primary, which will be evident on separating the denominators into their respective factors—

F	A flat
$\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{3}{5}$

and combining the same factors in each—

$\frac{3}{15}$	$\frac{3}{15}$
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Whence the relation of F, A flat, and their connection with the other part of the chord is evident; F being the primary, and A flat the minor 3rd of the primary chord of the system F, added to the major chord of G, the discord resolving as before upon the derivative chords of F. The ratios of this chord admit of other forms being given to them, showing why it is an equivocal chord, but which it is unnecessary to enter upon, as they do not affect the fundamental bass of the chord in this form, which is one of transition.

Mr. Hewitt will perceive that in the preceding, and in my last letter (*Musical World*, December 24th), I have given the true basses of all the chords in his examples (November 19th) derived from the true ratios, by giving their true interpretation, and therefore am perfectly justified and correct in asserting that the ridiculous basses are the "genuine fruits" of his false theory, and derived from the ratios by a false interpretation. In saying this, I do not appear as the advocate of any particular theory, but as the upholder of truth, the foundation of every science. The discrepancy in his minor 3rd *he has not yet explained*, nor can explain without stultifying himself, seeing that he has admitted the ratio of the major 3rd to be $\frac{5}{4}$, in first asking for this explanation. I have now made it clear that I struck at the very root of his theory—error, "the nucleus to innumerable other similar errors." The other remarks in his letter (*M. W.*, Dec. 10th), are almost too puerile to deserve attention, being evidently written, not with a view of eliciting the truth, but for the purpose of drawing attention from the main points of the question, which are not in any way affected by his remarks. However, I will just notice them, that I may expose their puerility. The ratio $\frac{1}{120001}$, if expressed as a decimal fraction, is 1:20001 (true to five places of decimals), $\frac{1}{2}$ being 1:20000, which as they stand are in the ratio of 120001:120000, the remaining portion of the first would be less than $\frac{1}{2}$; therefore if $1\frac{1}{2}$ nearly be substituted for one vibration or beat, all the rest is strictly correct, and would agree with his statement, that it is one vibration in 98304, which is the exact truth; the two sounds (E flat) would then give one beat in $5\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, when the C above gives 512 vibrations per second. Mr. Hewitt must excuse me correcting his corrections! but I advise him to try again, and not to confound the vibrations of E flat with those of the C above, but look at the figures as the representatives of certain facts, and not as mere figures. Even supposing his computations were correct, the difference in the two sounds would still be "a minute quantity far beyond the power of the finest ear to detect," and the question would still remain, as before, which I now leave him to reply to. As regards the ratio $\frac{1}{120001}$, it was never proposed by me as a substitute for the true ratio, $\frac{1}{2}$, but as an instance of the nearness to which that ratio could be approached by ratios "cast in his mould"—that is, the first term must be a prime number, and the second must be one of the series 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, &c. There is no difficulty in finding ratios to agree with the form of the second term, they being, as I before stated, infinite in number; but, as there is no direct rule for finding prime numbers, there is a little trouble in verifying the primes by those who do not possess extensive tables of them, as Mr. Hewitt will find if he attempt to give a few more nearer to $\frac{1}{2}$ than the one just mentioned; and though he says that "prime numbers give original sensations," he has not yet

given, nor can he give, any reason why the sensation of the minor 3rd should be represented by the prime 19 rather than the prime 19661, which is to 16384 the unit-basis nearly as 6.5, the true ratio. It is almost unnecessary to state that his "mare's nest" ratio $\frac{19}{16384}$ does not correspond with the preceding in form, the first term not being a prime number, and the second term forms no part of the series 1, 2, 4, 8, &c.; and does not Mr. Hewitt perceive that in even naming this ratio as a "good substitute" for $\frac{3}{4}$, he is, in fact, undermining the very pedestal which he has so elaborately, so cunningly, and so mystically embellished, and on which he has raised and enthroned his "idea."

I remain, sir, yours truly,

W. W. PARKINSON.

Cheetham-hill, Manchester, Jan. 14th, 1860.

THE CHORD OF THE SIX-FOUR.

SIR,—The correspondent who writes under the modest signature of "A School-Boy," may not be quite satisfied with your quotation from Beethoven, who was rather a free than a strict contrapuntist. He may think, too, that what would do in a symphony, might not be good in a church.

The fact is, that the perfect fourth, though a consonant interval (except when naked, or when a mere suspension of the third) used to be classed amongst the dissonances, and is called a dissonance by Mozart in his "Thorough-Bass School." To their different views of this interval may perhaps be attributed its difference of treatment by the ancients and moderns. Not only the strict old church composers, but also Handel and his contemporaries avoided writing an unprepared perfect fourth to the bass. Hence, in the chord of the six-four-three, in four-part music, they omitted the root of the chord, and doubled the seventh to that root. The moderns, following Kollman, write the root without scruple, but disallow the doubled seventh.

A "Response" is something like a "chant." Now, it was forbidden to begin a chant with a discord, or to have a discord on either of the reciting notes. But the perfect fourth was considered to be a discord, and therefore the chord of the six-four would come under prohibition.

As for the reason of the thing, to end a piece of music with the chord of the six-four, would hardly be possible, because it would be like leaving off speaking in the middle of a sentence; but to begin with such a chord would be simply to solicit attention, which can hardly be considered improper.

When a practice is condemned by the ears of one generation, and ratified by the ears of another, perhaps the safest way will be to put it in the category of things indifferent. Let then your querist, discarding prejudice and the trammels of rule, ask himself whether the effect of the "Response" seemed to him good or bad. If the former, no rule is sufficient to condemn it, since there can be no greater authority for any chord than that it has a good effect; if the latter, no rule can justify it; since the avoidance of bad effects is the object of every rule.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

THOS. D. EATON.

Norwich, 23rd Jan.

A WARNING TO LOVERS.

(BY A LOVER WHO HAS BEEN WARNED.)

Dearest Agnes, whence that tear?
Whence those sighs I needs must hear?
Say, can I your griefs dispel?
Speak! and all your sorrows tell.
Keep no secret
From the heart that loves you well!

Aught that mortal man can do,
Your adorer will for you:
Speak! and call the blessing down;
Speak, and smile—oh, why that frown?
"Wretched trifler!"

Where's the music promised when you went to town?"

LONDON ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION.—We perceive that this Association has permanently taken up its quarters at the Architectural Gallery, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street—an extremely spacious and elegant room. On the first Saturdays in every month, concertos for the piano, accompanied by the amateur full orchestra, are amongst the features of this useful body of aspirants of art.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE first performance this season of Handel's *Samson*, by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, was, on the whole, the most satisfactory that has taken place since Mr. Costa was appointed conductor, and, indeed, since the society was instituted. Of the oratorio itself—now happily becoming more and more familiar to the musical public, and gradually vindicating the high opinion entertained by its composer, who (perpetually, it would seem, overlooking the still more magnificent *Israel*) hesitated whether to accord his preference to *Samson* or the *Messiah*—we need say very little. That *Samson* is the most essentially dramatic of those compositions, the subjects of which Handel was enabled to gather from Sacred Writ, will be generally admitted; nor can the fact of two such vast and elaborate works as this oratorio and its immediate precursor, the great musical epic of Christianity, having been commenced and terminated within the incredibly short interval of 10 weeks (from August 22, when the *Messiah* was begun, to October 12, when *Samson* was finished) be too often dwelt upon, with wonder and admiration at the genius that conceived and the art that accomplished such a herculean labour.

The additional accompaniments supplied by Mr. Costa, the claims of which to favourable consideration have been more than once discussed, would appear now to be indispensable at every performance of *Samson* by the Sacred Harmonic Society; and certainly the splendid band of instrumentalists under that gentleman's vigorous control take pains that no effect contemplated by their much respected chief shall be lost or slurred over; so that while strict Handelians may indulge in a notion that, here and there, a little too much had been added by the ready and skilful hand of a modern Italian musician to the original granite structure of an old Teutonic giant, few could have been otherwise than pleased at the perfect manner in which the interpolations, such as they are, were allowed to assert their intrinsic value on the occasion under notice. The choruses were worthy all praise, and the immense benefit derived from the private meetings of the London contingent of the Handel Commemoration Choir for practice and rehearsal again received unanimous acknowledgment. Not to enter into minute details, the whole of that stupendous scene, at the end of Part II., in which the rival apostrophes of Israelites and Philistines are exhibited, now alternately, now combined in one colossal burst of harmony; in which are set forth the antagonistic protestations of Micah, friend of Samson, and of Harapha the giant; in which the solemn choral invocation of the Hebrew, "Hear Jacob's God!" meets a derisive comment in the riotous epithalamium of the idolators, "To song and dance we give the day;" and lastly, in which a triumphant climax is attained in "Fixed in His everlasting seat" (a masterpiece of choral effect, unsurpassed even by Handel)—all this revealed the utmost possible efficiency; and the impression produced on an audience that filled Exeter Hall to the doors was indescribable. But the great choral displays in the first and second parts of the oratorio, from "Awake the trumpet's lofty sound" (the celebration, by the priests of Dagon, of the festival in honour of their idol), to "Then round about the starry throne" (the prophecy of celestial glory, with which the Israelites stimulate the religious zeal of Samson) in the one, and from "To dust His glory they would tread," to the "Fixed in His everlasting seat" in the other—have obtained frequent and enthusiastic acknowledgment. Less generally appreciated, considering their excellence, have hitherto been the picturesque choruses in Part III., "With thunder armed, great God arise," ending with a musical embodiment of the act of prayer in the highest degree impressive; "The Holy one of Israel be thy guide," spirited enough to arouse the dormant energies of the most crestfallen hero; "Great Dagon has subdued our foe," and "Hear us, our God, O hear our cry," the first expressing the joy of the Philistines at their supposed victory, the last their despair at the unexpected catastrophe, which has involved their enemy and prisoner, Samson, with themselves, in one common ruin, both masterpieces; "Weep, Israel, weep," the lamentation of the Israelites for their lost champion, in pathos not to be excelled; "Glorious hero," following the "Dead March" (rival to the more noted one in *Saul*), with

which chorus the oratorio originally terminated; and "Let their celestial concerts all unite," a happy after-thought, by means whereof the composer averted an anti-climax, and brought his great work to a conclusion with becoming pomp and brilliancy. These—excepting "Weep, Israel, weep," which was occasionally out of tune, and "Glorious hero," in certain parts unsteady—were so finely executed by the chorus in the present instance that their merits were just as sensibly felt as those of any of the more celebrated choral pieces preceding them, and [with which they are in all respects worthy to be associated. In short, this performance of *Samson* may be fairly set down as one of the most honourable achievements of the Sacred Harmonic Society—an achievement, indeed, to which they are entitled to look back with pride.

The solo music was, for the most part, equally successful. Miss Banks—soprano (one of Mr. Hallah's most clever and promising singers)—although slightly disconcerted at first by the unaccustomed largeness of the arena, in "Let the bright seraphim" (deriving, it should be stated, no small advantage from the way in which the famous trumpet part was given by Mr. Harper), elicited the sympathy of the audience to such an extent that Mr. Costa deemed it expedient to allow her to repeat the air, although it directly ushers in the final chorus. The same favour was shown to Signor Belletti in "How willing my paternal love," the last song of Manoah (Samson's father), in accordance with a still more unanimous manifestation of approval; and rarely has approbation been extorted by a more legitimate and truly artistic display. The other bass was Mr. Weiss, who, in the music of the giant, Harapha, has maintained his ground against every rival, and who never sang "Honour and arms," and "Presuming slave," his part in the duet with Samson, "Go, baffled slave," or the declamatory recitatives, with greater animation and dramatic power. To Miss Dolby was allotted the part of Micah, which is as much as to say that the airs, "Return, O God of Hosts," and "Ye sons of Israel, now lament," were rendered with a classical purity of style that left no room for criticism. Indeed, the expression infused into the last was on a par with that which gained such warm approval for Signor Belletti; but as this air and the succeeding chorus form but one piece, there was no opportunity for the audience to be equally "demonstrative." The part of Samson is one of the grandest ever imagined by Handel, and at the same time one of the most arduous to the singer, whose physical force and intellectual capacity are alike severely tasked. The elder Braham could at once understand what Handel intended, and render the great composer's meaning plain to every intelligent hearer; but, since Braham, one singer alone has been found with the requisite gifts of voice, intelligence, and executive skill to give the music of Samson with proportionate effect. That one, it is scarcely necessary to add, is Mr. Sims Reeves, who alike in the sombre and desolate pathos of "Total eclipse," the religious and at the same time passionate fervour of "Why does the God of Israel sleep?" and the fierce impetuosity of "Go, baffled coward, go!" rises to the height of the situation, depicts every shade of sentiment and emotion, and thus thoroughly realizes the design of the composer. How finely Mr. Reeves delivers recitatives we need not insist. Of these in *Samson* there are enough and to spare; but when so simply and unaffectedly declaimed, their prolixity is in a great degree lost sight of. Again, in the long and not very invigorating dialogues with Harapha and Delilah, the same rare talent almost closes the lips of the well-intended counsellor, about to utter a recommendation to unsparing curtailment. Even the comparatively unthankful air, "Thus when the sun in 's watery bed," which prepares the final "exit" of Samson (Part III.), was made impressive by the peculiar significance given to the last lines—

"The wand'ring shadows glisten pale,
"All troop to their infernal goal,

"Each fetter'd ghost slips to his sev'ral case"—

which, though without precedent, materially enhanced the interest of the song, and brought the situation it is meant to illustrate more vividly before the mind. The setting of the sun, as an image of the hero's approaching departure for another sphere, had clearly in this instance suggested nothing to the

composer too subtle or profound for the comprehension of the singer. The reading of the entire passage was in the highest sense poetical.

A word of well-merited praise for Mr. Brownsmith, who presided with his accustomed ability at the organ (which, by the way, is now and then over-taxed in the additions to the score of *Samson*), must end our notice of this really admirable performance. Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and the Dettingen *Te Deum* are announced for the 3rd of February.—*Times*.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

January 25th.

A PERFECT shower of *débütants* and *débütantes* seems to have fallen on the theatrical world of Paris; for every week one has to signalise the rise of some new star, or at least of nebulous appearances who hope to become stars. The week before last a Mademoiselle Battu obtained a complete success at the Italian Opera, (a success that has gone on increasing) and will shortly fill the part of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Roger taking that of Edgardo. The performance is fixed for February 2nd, and will be preceded by the revival of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, of Cimarosa, which has not been performed in Paris since the seasons of 1846-47. Then, on Monday week, another *débütante*, of the name of Mademoiselle Marie Brunet, made her appearance at the Grand-Opéra as Valentine, in the *Huguenots*. She is fresh from Marseilles, where she has been playing. Mademoiselle Brunet was a pupil of Madame Damoreau's, and then took lessons of Duprez. She is agreeable and modest looking, but her voice, though possessing many of the qualities necessary to a singer, is not equal to the exigencies of a part like that of Valentine. Monsieur Gueymard sang charmingly: the rest of the performance was not quite so satisfactory. A very sad event occurred in the course of the evening, and one that has been the subject of universal regret. M. Narcisse Girard (the successor of Habeneck at the Opéra, and also at the Société de Concerts) was at his post as usual, at the Opéra, conducting the orchestra, up to the third act of the *Huguenots*, when, at the end of the septuor of the Poignards, he felt himself giving way, and was obliged to resign his *bâton* to M. Millot. In the lobby he became extremely ill, and was obliged to be conveyed home. Three hours later he was dead. His affection was aneurism of the heart. The death of M. Girard is considered an irreparable loss in the musical world, and the *élite* of the profession were assembled at his funeral, to testify the respect they had held him in while living. The *chef-du-cabinet* of the Emperor, M. Mocquard, was also there. M. Alphonse Royer, M. Leboue, M. Deldevy, and M. Trianon pronounced funeral orations.

The Opéra-Comique goes on steadily and successfully with the *Pardon de Ploërmel*; meanwhile the rehearsals of the new work by Ambroise Thomas are being actively pursued. At the Théâtre-Lyrique, we may soon expect the *Baueris* and *Philemon* of M. Charles Gounod. A little work of MM. Crémieux and Caspars, *Ma Tante Dort*, has just been brought out. Mad. Ugalde sings in it. Madame Carvalho is able to take a little rest from her arduous labours for a short time, as Mdlle. Marimon is performing her part of Cherubino in the *Noce de Figaro* very successfully. Two little operettas have also been brought out at the Bouffes-Parisiens, one of the *Nouveau Pourceaugnac*, written by MM. Scribe and Poisson, and set to music by M. A. Hignard, has completely succeeded, as well as *Croquignolle trente sixième du nom*, written by MM. Gastineau and Deforges, and set to music by a young beginner, M. Ernest Lépine.

The Théâtre-Français, ever faithful to the traditions of Molière, has been playing the *Femmes Savantes*, and the *Folies Amoureuses*. A young *débütante*, Mdlle. Rosa Didier, was warmly received, and gained much applause by her acting.

The Théâtre du Vaudeville has given the public another drama *de genre*. The *Pénélope Normande* of M. Alphonse Karr, founded on his novel, and which he has dramatised for this theatre, has just been brought out. The principal parts were played by MM. Lafontaine, Munié, Felix, Aubrée, and by

Mesdames Doche and Alexis Pastolet. Lafontaine and M. Munié were the two characters that came out most strikingly in the piece; the part of the heroine is so odious a character, and one almost impossible to play any amount of tact, so as in any way to render it agreeable, that Madame Doche did not obtain so great a triumph as she had doubtless anticipated. The Emperor and Empress were at the second performance.

The Théâtre-Imperial opened its doors on the 17th of January. One month has sufficed M. Holstein to prepare his drama, *L'Histoire d'un Drapeau*, and when one sees how much has had to be done in that time, it appears marvellous. *L'Histoire d'un Drapeau*, as its title indicates, is a military piece, and abounds in charges of cavalry, regiments marching to martial music, attacks at the point of the bayonet, combats, banners waving, cannons firing, in fact, all that military show, glitter and tumult, that the soul of a Frenchman delights in. It has one advantage over other dramas of this class; the plot is clear. The story runs thus:—Two Parisian workmen, François Beaudoin and Frédéric Wolf, are in love with the same girl, Marie, whose father is an emigrant, and who has been brought up by Madame Wolf, the mother of Frédéric. Several young workmen in the shop of Madame Wolf have embroidered a magnificent tri-coloured flag, whilst the lovers have manufactured the silk and forged the steel of which the rest of it is composed. This flag is destined for the battalion of Parisian volunteers, and is received by them from the hands of General Bonaparte on the bridge of Arcole. Before the departure of the troops, François Beaudoin receives the assurance of love from the lips of Marie. Frédéric, who thus sees all his hopes vanish, swears a mortal hatred to his rival, and goes over to the enemy. Thus the whole drama turns on the enmity of these two rivals; but the authors (MM. A. Dennery and ***), however, have made a pleasant ending to it, by bringing about the sincere repentance of the traitor, and the happiness of the lovers. The piece was entirely successful, though, of course, a great deal is due to the attraction that lies in the many brilliant phases of French history which are visibly presented. A panorama of glorious events is unfolded, exhibiting successively the Pyramids, Cairo, Vienna, Moscow, the Kremlin, the return from the Island of Elba, and the apotheosis of the battle of Solferino. Every scene is splendidly got up and displays fresh marvels. The most remarkable were, Cairo, the Retreat from Moscow, and the Apotheosis. There is constant movement on the stage, and about three hundred soldiers (theatrical ones) are employed. The piece, there is no doubt, will have a long run.

I hear that Giuglini is engaged at the Scala of Milan for twelve performances; he is to be paid 2,000 francs a night. He will make his first appearance in the *Favorita*. The programme of the concert Richard Wagner is going to give at the Italian Opera runs thus:—1.—the overture to the *Vaisseau Fantôme*; 2.—*Marche et chœur*; 3.—Introduction to the third act of the *Pèlerinage*; 4.—Song of the pilgrims; 5.—Overture to *Tannhäuser*; 6.—prelude to *Tristan and Isolde*; 7.—Introduction; 8.—March of the betrothed (with chorus); 9.—Nuptial Feast (introduction to the third act), and epithalamium of *Lohengrin*. The orchestra and the choruses will be conducted by Richard Wagner. Ritter has just returned from his excursion to Marseilles, where he made a very successful stay. Jullien is still trying for a tenement large enough to contain the 500 musicians who are *on dit* to compose his orchestra, and the audience his name will draw.

The prefecture of the Seine has just published the following notice:—A competition (*concurrence*) for choral compositions with accompaniment, by the committee for the teaching of singing in the commercial schools; two gold medals, of the value of 150fr. each will be awarded, one to the author of a song for male voices, and the other to the composer of a song for first and second tenors and bass. The composers are to have the liberty of choosing their own words, but they are to reject immediately any poetry which in subject or style would not suit their music, destined for the primary educational establishment of the town. The pieces that have won the prizes will be performed at the public meetings of the Orphéon, and will remain

the property of the composer. The manuscripts are to be sent to the Hotel de Ville, before the 15th of March. The composer's name is not to be signed on his work, but each composition is to be accompanied by an epigraph or motto, which motto is also to be copied in a sealed letter, with the name of the composer underneath. I hear M. Lefèvre Wély is composing an opera entitled *Les Paysans de Nivelles*.

The receipts of the various operas, theatres, concerts, balls, &c., arose during the month of December to the amount of 1,359,619fr. 85c.

The *Pardon de Plöermel* meets with as great success in the other continental towns as it does here, especially at Hamburgh and Dresden. Meyerbeer was staying in the latter town when it was brought out, and was present in the theatre, the public calling for him after every act. The King of Saxony sent for him to his box, and expressed the warmest admiration of his work. Madlle. Burde-Ney was the Dinorah.

The Italian papers tell us that the Duke of Satriano, ex-manager of the San Carlos, has been replaced by a very estimable and intelligent man. The accounts from Venice are not so smiling. The theatres have been shut up for the moment by orders, on account of some disturbances that arose in the San Benedetto. The Venetians, who seize every allusion that they can apply to the Austrians, began shouting out in that part of the *Barbieri* where these lines occur:—

"Maledetti, andate via
Ah! Canaglia, via di qua!"

"Fuori, i Tedeschi! fuori, fuori!" Immediately the audience were made to evacuate the theatre, which has remained closed since.

NOTICE.

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28TH, 1860.

WE have, during the week, received several communications respecting the leading article in our last impression, in which we commented on the letter of "Musician," which appeared in *The Times* of January 12th. Most of these are favourable to the grant of a subsidy from Government for educational purposes, and the writers lay much stress on the fact, so oft insisted upon, that Music alone of all the Fine Arts is ignored by our legislators. The reasons advanced are neither new nor weighty, or we should have found room for the letters which contain them. The question of a subvention, or a non-subvention, after all, is scarcely so much a matter of policy as of speculation. We may argue for a thousand years, but, until a trial be made, no good results can follow. Nevertheless, as, in a controversy of such interest, the arguments on both sides are worth hearing, let us suppose ourselves advocating a somewhat different opinion from that we have always considered it our duty to support.

Were, then, Government to hold out its hand to Music, as it does to Painting and Sculpture, we should be among the foremost to bestow our praise; nor are we disinclined to allow the advantages likely to accrue. Music, as an art, is

unquestionably not inferior to Painting or Sculpture; while it has a scientific basis to which neither can lay claim with anything approaching the same degree of truth. But this is hardly what our legislators have to consider. The support of an Academy for the purpose of training pupils for the stage, and the concert-room, or making them teachers, is the only means by which Government can forward the interests of Music. But this would not place Music on the same basis as the sister Arts. Painting and Sculpture would still have their exhibition galleries and museums set apart for them, and Music be consigned to the theatres and concert-rooms. A mistake is committed by placing all the arts in the same category. Music is not merely an acquired pleasure, a feeling derived from observation and attention, involving judgment and intelligence no less than taste and sensibility, but an instinct of the soul, born with our very being, instilled into us with our first hearing, and made the vehicle of our earliest lisping, until it grows into a requirement, a necessity of our existence. It may be said—we speak with reverence—that Music is the only earthly enjoyment we know we shall possess hereafter. A special taste is necessary to understand and appreciate the beauties of the brush and chisel. Curiosity will not become admiration except through the medium of enlightenment. Education must prepare the way before delight can be received from a picture or a piece of hewn marble; but the savage will melt into tears at the first hearing of a simple air; and birds, beasts, and even fishes, have been attracted by the irresistible power of melody.

The passion for Music is so universal, as absolutely to become antagonistic to its progress as an art. What everybody loves and desires, the legislature sees no reason for protecting or interfering with. When the list of candidates for advancement in the army was submitted to Napoleon, he selected those only who had no names to recommend them. There was wisdom as well as generosity in this. Our lawgivers, not without reason, conclude, that that which has so many friends and sympathisers stands in no need of extraneous assistance. When it is considered what sums of money are annually lavished on Italian Operas, Musical Festivals, Anniversaries, Concerts public and private, teaching, &c., &c., and what numbers of foreign professors flock to this country from all parts of the world, and live on the fat of the land, it is not at all surprising that Parliament should turn a deaf ear to every application for a grant. The splendour exhibited at the Italian Opera, and the immense expenditure incurred in keeping it up—the failure being attributable to mismanagement only—incapacitate our rulers, themselves, in all probability, subscribers, from perceiving that there is another and more important branch of Music in which their co-operation might be usefully employed. As a school, the Royal Academy of Music has done little for the reputation of the country, and of late years has sunk into comparative insignificance. Its incompetence may, as "Musician" seems to think, proceed from the want of finances. We are not exactly of that opinion, but, nevertheless, should have no objection to see Government take the Institution under its wing. That the same patronage and support could be extended to Music as to Painting and Sculpture, it is reasonable to imagine. But in the administration of musical affairs, what would represent the National Gallery? what the British Museum? Could symphonies, oratorios, and operas be hung round the walls of buildings with the same advantage as paintings? Could manuscript scores be exhibited in underground places, with the same profit to the multitude, as the Elgin marbles or the excavations from Nineveh?

"Musician" was hardly in a logical mood, when, alluding to the Royal Academy of Music, he asks the question, "Will not Parliament afford a like assistance to Music?" By all means, let us have a "Royal Commission," or "A Committee of the House of Commons," if we can get it; but let us never lose sight of the important fact, that music cannot be legislated for like Painting and Sculpture. It must have a special statute of its own, or none. It remains to be seen whether Parliament will entertain the views of "Musician," which our correspondents unanimously share. We shall wait until the application for a subsidy be made, of which, by the way, we foresee no indication. It will be then time enough to discuss the subject at greater length; at present, discord, not music, is likely to assert dominion over the determinations of the House, so that we must not be too eager in our hopes. For our own part, like Lear, we can be patient.

WHEN, a short time since, while lamenting the death of Mr. Wright, we compared the position of the inimitable London comedian at the Adelphi to that of M. Ravel at the Palais-Royal, we little thought that we should speedily have to record the demise of an artist at the latter theatre. On Wednesday the 18th instant, after an illness of two months, expired the great popular *farceur* M. Grassot, so long identified with the honours of the merriest theatre in Paris. It seems but the other day that he took a new lease of his reputation by singing the famous "Gnouff! Gnouff!" which was for the time the rage of the French metropolis.

A Parisian critic speaks of him thus: "He was not an artist in the strict sense of the word, but a singular and eccentric individuality. He did not bring to the theatre any result either of study or of observation, not even a talent for any kind of combination, but simply the good and bad qualities of his own nature. He was Grassot—nothing more. He had an odd, original turn of mind; he talked a language of his own; he discovered words that no vaudevillist could have imagined, expressions of a *bizarre*, picturesque kind, which gave a particular character to his conversation, and of which great use has been made in composing parts for him. Now he is dead; his parts may be played by others, but the personages, whom he has created, will not be resuscitated—those personages were himself."

When we read the above, we almost feel that we were wrong in placing Ravel by the side of Wright, and that death has corrected our error by associating him with Grassot. The antecedents of the French comedian, prior to his appearance at the Palais-Royal, are wholly without importance; so are the præ-Adelphian days of Wright. There is however, this difference in the beginning of their career, that Grassot started with a failure. The piece in which he made his *début* was the first vaudeville from the co-operating pens of MM. A. Lefranc, Labiche, and Marc Michel, and certainly if he did them any damage by his early break-down, he has since made ample amends; for, without Grassot, where would have been many of the works of those indefatigable writers?

The disease of which he died he used to term his "laryngite," but it was, in fact, a consumption, and many who saw him immediately after his return from Italy, where he sojourned for some time to promote the restoration of his health, predicted that his end was close at hand. And this was in the midst of the furor occasioned by the "Gnouff, Gnouff."

During the last weeks of his life he lived on a pension accorded him by the management of the Palais-Royal, on the delicate pretext of allowing him time for his recovery, but

there is no doubt that the pension was really a recompense for past services.

I faith, Thalia has now-a-days so many tears to shed, that it will be hard to distinguish her from Melpomene.

THE *Saturday Review*, which has often called attention to the general immorality of French comedies, and which by way of teaching its readers what to avoid in the way of modern French literature, gives them the earliest information of the appearance of such books as *Madame Bovary*, *Fanny*, *Les Filles de Plâtre* &c., published, a few weeks since, some objections to a new piece by M. Léon Laya, entitled *Le Duc Job*. Our able contemporary does not say of M. Laya's play that it is one to which a mother cannot, without danger, conduct her daughters, &c., but complains that its morality is of a low order, and, moreover, false. Now, *Le Duc Job* is the most successful piece that the Théâtre-Français has produced during the last few years, and the author evidently intends it to be regarded not merely as a comedy of intrigue, nor as one depending solely on the exhibition of character, but, above all, as a moral comedy. Consequently, if its moral is trivial or, worse still, erroneous, the work is an utter failure from M. Laya's point of view, whatever applause the audience may bestow on the acting of M. Got, the representative of the principal character. We have seen and read *Le Duc Job* with equal interest, and are prepared to do battle for it on the ground that it is written with a healthy object, and that its morality is neither common-place nor unsound.

Le Duc Job is directed against one of two great evils by which—to judge from the novels and comedies published during the last few years in Paris—the whole of contemporaneous French society is affected. The first of these is the passion of even old men for “*dames aux camélias*,” the second the mania of even young men for gambling on the Bourse. The former of these pleasing subjects was pretty well exhausted for dramatic purposes when the author of this same *Duc Job* produced a few years since, at the Gymnase, his *Cœurs d'Or*. The public had already had the *Lady of the Camélias*, and its still more immoral antidote (as it was considered) the *Marble Maidens*; M. Léon Gozlan had taught the audience of the Théâtre-Français “*Comment on se débarrasse d'une maîtresse*,” by marrying her, and M. Emile Augier had shown the public of the Gymnase how to dispose of her afterwards, by first allowing her to disgrace her husband's name, and then shooting her. In the *Cœurs d'Or*, M. Laya pointed out that marriage was the sort of thing most young men would have to come to at last; that they ought to be prepared for it; but that if they were not, and there were obstacles in the way—why then (without going into further particulars), that all women were not tigresses deserving to be shot down like wild beasts, but that some had “*hearts of gold*,” and would sacrifice their own happiness to secure that of their not very estimable lovers. There was some honourable feeling in this, and at least as much truth as in the *Dame aux Camélias*—of which the groundwork is simply that of the *Vie de Bohème*, rendered unnatural through the breach between the hero and the heroine being made the result, not of a misunderstanding, but of an intention on the part of the latter to appear faithless when she is in her heart faithful. The *Cœurs d'Or* was the last remarkable piece suggested by the peculiar arrangements of that “*thirteenth arrondissement*”—which never had a mayor, and the dwellers in which are neither married nor given in marriage.

The production of *La Bourse* by M. Ponsard, at the Odéon, was the signal for a number of other pieces on the same subject. Here, however, there was no opportunity for argument. The most determined dealer in paradox would scarcely dream of maintaining (in public) the advantages of reckless gambling on the Stock Exchange. Besides, we all know which of the two passions—that for money or the other one—is strongest, and above all the most interesting. The Bourse comedies could not obtain the same success as those of the Thirteenth Arrondissement, but more than one has attracted attention, and that by M. Laya is certainly a production of considerable merit.

It is easier to turn a story into a drama than to turn a drama into a story (consult, however, Mr. Charles Reade on this point), and as we never could perform either of those operations with facility, we shall not attempt to give the entire plot of *Le Duc Job*. It will be enough to say that the hero, the Duc de Rieux, owes the name of “*Job*” to his poverty. He is “*as poor as Job*,” for, being a duke, he has only six or seven thousand francs a-year on which to support his title. Like another duke of our acquaintance (not in actual life, elated reader, but in *Le gendre de M. Poirier*) de Rieux has enlisted in an infantry regiment, has seen service in Algeria, and has already attained the honourable rank of sergeant. He returns to France, sees once more his beautiful fair-haired cousin, Emma, whose vision has haunted him throughout the African campaign, and tries to persuade himself that he is not in love with her. For if, as has been clearly proved in the columns of the *Times*, a mere *roturier* cannot get married on three hundred pounds a-year, what is a duke to do with only from two hundred and forty to two hundred and eighty. He might, perhaps, barter his title, but de Rieux's noblesse “*obliges*” him to do nothing of the kind. Besides, his cousin is already engaged to be married to a successful speculator on the Exchange. The accepted lover (accepted by the parents, after the French custom) is a friend of the duke's, but when de Rieux hears from his own lips by what means he has contrived in a few months to make his fortune, he can only reply—“*Well, you are a very good fellow, but what you have done I confess I would not do for a million.*” De Rieux conceals his love and mourns in secret, but cannot bear the thought of his darling Emma marrying this man of the Bourse. Emma, who admires her cousin, and has every confidence in his advice, divines, from his manner, that he has no respect for her destined husband, and at last questions him on the subject. De Rieux will give no direct answer, but from the nature of his replies, and from his agitation, the young girl discovers that he has no esteem for her *intended*, and that he loves *her*. Hitherto the moral effect of the drama has been to enlist the sympathies of the audience on behalf of an honourable man in misfortune, and to show them how little, in comparison, a rich speculator appears, who has amassed a fortune, not dishonestly, but by pursuing a course which no man of delicate feeling could have adopted.

In the remaining portion of the play we find de Rieux still unwilling, on account of his poverty, to marry Emma, while Emma is hesitating (a little) between a wish not to be eclipsed in splendour of living by her rich female relatives and her love for “*the Duke Job*.” It is of course very mean of Emma to calculate whether it is possible to live on her dowry and the duke's two hundred a year (he has lost some forty pounds a year by the death of a friend to whom he had lent a portion

of his capital), but, prompted by her affection, she decides that she *can*—and we may remark that in this very worldliness of the young girl, which for a time threatens to obscure her better nature, the hateful effect of the money atmosphere by which she is surrounded is exhibited. After Emma has determined to marry de Rieux, and will hear of no refusal on his part, the duke receives a legacy, which we are happy to say is of large amount, and which the dramatist bestows upon him with the greatest skill.

The writer in the *Saturday Review* is annoyed at the simple-hearted duke getting this money, sneers at M. Laya for giving it to him, and points out that good people are not, as a matter of course, rewarded in this world with riches. We know this, and deeply regret it, but we also know that *Le Duc Job* has done all its work as a comedy when Emma gives de Rieux her hand, and that the legacy is merely a *bonus* offered to the hero by the author, for the special gratification of the audience. *Clarissa Harlowe* ends with the death of Lovelace, but Richardson did not write his great work in order to prove that seducers are sure to get killed in duels. We are at a loss to understand how any critic could imagine that *Le Duc Job* was written for the sake of showing that virtue is the high road to wealth.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE ninth concert differed somewhat from its predecessors, in which the entire vocal or instrumental music has been by one composer, whereas the programme on this occasion was devoted to various masters. The selection was, however, admirable, and afforded no less delight to the audience. The quartets (Spohr in G major, Op. 58, and Beethoven in C sharp minor, Op. 132, hitherto classed as "Posthumous") were heard for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts, and quite as keenly relished as those works with which the public has been rendered more familiar. The former is one of the most spontaneous and graceful compositions of the late lamented master, and in the hands of Messrs. Sainton, Goffie, Doyle, and Piatti, was interpreted to absolute perfection. No less admirable was the rendering of the Beethoven quartet—one of the series (if we remember rightly) given by Herr Joachim last year, at Willis's Rooms. This was listened to throughout with the most profound attention, and the discriminating applause evinced an appreciation, on the part of the audience, which strongly marks the advanced musical taste of the age. M. Sainton's leading of this masterpiece was faultless throughout—as intellectual as mechanically irreproachable—in short, a thing not easily to be forgotten.

Herr Pauer made his first appearance at those concerts, in Hummel's very fine pianoforte sonata in F minor—also heard for the first time—playing so admirably and affording so much satisfaction as fully to entitle him to the applause and recall with which he was honoured at the end. Herr Pauer also joined Messrs. Sainton and Piatti in Haydn's trio in G major, which brought the concert to a close.

Miss Theresa Jefferys and Miss Palmer divided the vocal music, the former lady singing in Macfarren's charming song, "Canst thou deem my heart is changing?" (from *Charles the Second*), and Haydn's canzonet, "In thee I bear so dear a part," an encore being unanimously awarded to the last. This young lady bids fair to become a valuable acquisition to the concert-room, her unaffected style telling considerably in her favour. Shelley's "Lament," called "Swifter far than summer's flight," (set by Mr. J. W. Davison) has been previously sung by Miss Palmer at these concerts, and was on Monday night given with such genuine pathos and artistic feeling, that the young lady was compelled to return to the platform and bow her acknowledgments. Miss Palmer also gave Mr. Vincent Wallace's new and beautiful song, "The Bell-ringer" (words by John Oxenford), with no less success. In Mendelssohn's genial and characteristic duet,

"Maybells and the Flow'rets," the two ladies acquitted themselves admirably. At the next concert the instrumental portion of the programme will be selected from the works of Beethoven, comprising amongst other things the *Pastoral Sonata* in D Major for pianoforte, the trio in C Minor, and the quartet in F (op. 18). Mr. Hallé and Herr Molique are engaged.

CONCERTS.

EYRE ARMS CONCERT ROOM.—Mr. George Forbes gave his second subscription concert in the above room on Monday evening. The singers were Miss Clari Fraser, Miss Gerard, Miss Lascelles, and Signor Belletti; the instrumentalists, with Mr. Forbes, MM. Sainton and Bezeth (violin) and M. Papé (clarinet). The audience were more attentive than enthusiastic, and were elevated into excitement by two performances only—M. Sainton's solo, and the duet from Rossini's *Matilda di Shabran*, "Di capricci," sung by Miss Clara Fraser and Sig. Belletti, both of which were encored tumultuously, and most deservedly. We never heard M. Sainton play more splendidly. The brilliant duet of Rossini was admirably sung by both artists, it being, we believe, the lady's first essay in florid music in the concert-room. That it will not be her last, the eminent success she achieved will ensure. Miss Clari Fraser also sang Haydn's canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair," Balfe's song, "There is a name I never breathe," Alexander Lee's ballad, "Meet me in the willow glen," and joined Miss Lascelles in the duet "Ah! perdona," from Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*. Haydn's song was beautifully given, and with that earnestness of feeling without the least display, which makes this young lady's singing so remarkable. Mr. Balfe's song was also charmingly sung, and pleased universally.

Miss Lascelles sang the contralto song from *Dinorah* well, but took it somewhat too slow; and Miss Gerard attempted, in vain, Pacini's cavatina, "Il soave bel contento." Signor Belletti gave the magnificent air of the Count "Mentre io sospiro," from the *Nozze di Figaro*, and the air "Il mio piano è preparato," from the *Gazza Ladra*, both very finely, in a manner, indeed, hardly to be surpassed by any living barytone.

The principal instrumental piece was Dussek's sonata in B flat, for violin and piano, played by Mr. Forbes and M. Bezeth, with which the concert opened, and which on both hands was remarkably well executed. Mr. Forbes also played a solo of his own, and M. Papé two fantasias, one of which would have been quite enough.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—On Thursday evening this society held its "opening soirée for the season 1860," at the Suffolk-street Gallery, Pall-mall East; pictorial and vocal attractions of no ordinary interest being provided for the occasion. The former consisted in the extensive and choice collection of pictures of the modern British school, belonging to Mr. Wallis, which covered the walls, and at whose invitation the *réunion* took place at these rooms; the latter, of a performance of madrigals, part songs, and other choral music, by some sixty or seventy members of the Vocal Association, who had volunteered their services for the occasion. We shall confine our critical observations to the choral display, which was the feature of the evening, and, amongst many musical performances, was striking, for its novelty, uniformity, and purpose. Mr. Benedict and Dr. James Pech were the conductors of a choir which they had evidently sedulously trained. The volume of tone, and the precision and expression displayed by them were at once striking and gratifying in the highest degree. About a dozen pieces were performed, being selections from Bortniansky, Bishop, Smart, Benedict, &c., and included new four-part songs by Dr. James Pech, now sung for the first time, entitled respectively "Three Wishes," a spirited motive, and "The Bridal Morn," a melody of a more sentimental class. One or two of the pieces were encored; all went off amidst applause—the two novelties, in particular, being eminently successful. Upwards of eight hundred persons—members and their friends—assembled at this agreeable *soirée*, which may be said to have gone off with distinguished *éclat*. The council promises six *conversazioni* of a similar character at

one or other of the various exhibition galleries of the metropolis in the course of the season.

CONCERT AT BROADWOOD'S.—(From an Occasional Contributor).—On Monday evening, the 23rd inst., a concert of peculiar interest took place at the Hanover-square Rooms, in which the performers, as far as the gentlemen were concerned, were in Messrs. Broadwood's employ, and the ladies were either their relations or friends. The sale of tickets had been strictly private, and confined to Messrs. Broadwood's establishment; hence much of the interest of the performance, as testifying largely to the increasing taste, in this country, for music. A few years ago the concert could not have been possible, nor could so appreciative an audience, of its class, have been gathered together. The prices of tickets were low, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. By-the-bye, the notion of reserving seats for an additional sixpence must have been borrowed from the New Adelphi; be that as it may, the greater portion of the room was so reserved, it must, therefore, have been found convenient. The room was full to the highest seat in the orchestra, but no inconvenience was felt as, at a certain point, the sale of tickets was stopped. The boxes were occupied by members of the firm and their friends. It must have been very gratifying to them to see so large an audience, the connection of which with themselves was more or less immediate, respectable and happy. Strikes can never be known when such intimate relations between the employers and employed exist. A more good-tempered and determined-to-be-pleased audience could not well have been assembled, nor could a better performance, under the circumstances, have been expected. Some madrigals and part-songs were very well sung. A Miss Fanny Herbert (?) sang the "Zingara," by Donizetti, and "Where art thou wandering," by Frank Mori. We should almost think the latter were her master. Miss Herbert has a sympathetic and flexible soprano voice, and must yet be a valuable addition to our Concert Rooms. A great success also, was the earnest singing of Mr. French in the ballad of "The Willow Tree," composed by Mr. S. Pratten, for Mr. Santley, a year or so since. Why is it still MSS., Mr. Pratten? The words were, with many others, contributed to these columns, by Mr. James Hipkins, who is, we believe, engaged in Messrs. Broadwood's manufactory. It was vociferously re-demanded, and was repeated *extenso*. Good voices seemed plentiful. A Mr. Brook displayed a very powerful tenor voice in "Come if you dare," and "The Death of Nelson." A Mr. Garnett also, a lighter tenor, gained much applause in "My pretty Jane." The face of Mr. Murray, one of the basses, has surely been, for years, before the public. Mr. Murray gave "On by the spur of valour goaded" with emphasis and power. It was remarkable to notice the very English character of the selection. Shield and Purcell, with the patriotic songs of Braham, seemed to be much in vogue. It is said of Shield, that, on certain days, he always dined with old Mr. John Broadwood. Many interesting memories are connected with Broadwood's house. The instrumental portion of the concert was divided into two piano solos by Miss Ellen Bliss, one of which was encored, and two violin solos by Mr. Blackmore, one of Messrs. Broadwood's tuners. This gentleman, for an amateur, exhibits much practical skill. The object of the concert was to add to the funds of the Workmen's Library, a self-supporting and valuable institution, in Messrs. Broadwood's Manufactory. As more than a thousand persons were present, a good result must have been secured. The concert was conducted by Mr. A. I. Hipkins, and reflects credit upon all concerned in it.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The twenty-sixth annual meeting of members of the society took place this week in the minor hall, Exeter Hall. The chair was filled by J. N. Harrison, the president. Mr. Thomas Brewer, honorary secretary, read the report. It appears that the last year, as it respects the society's subscription list, is considerably in advance of any former period. A considerable portion of the report was occupied with details in reference to the Handel Commemoration at the Crystal Palace, in June last, which have, however, been before the public. The gross number of persons who attended the festival was 80,720, the entire receipts being £34,921. The total expenditure was £15,236, leaving a balance of £19,685 divisible between the Crystal Palace Company and the Sacred Harmonic Society. By the terms of the agreement between the two bodies, the Sacred Harmonic Society became entitled to one-third of the surplus profits; but having regard to the complete success of this unparalleled undertaking, they exceeded the sum for which they originally contracted to complete the musical arrangements by £2,095, thus leaving the net profits receivable by them £4,480 5s. 9d. There is also an amount of £1,108 19s. 3d. credited to the society's accounts, arising from the division of a guarantee fund carried over from the preliminary festival of 1857. It appears from the report that the total expenditure of

the society for the past year has amounted to the large sum of £13,147. The business, which was proceeded with after the reading of the report, consisted of the usual election of members, and other routine business, including votes of thanks to Mr. Costa, the conductor, and the officers of the society. A motion was made, and unanimously adopted, to appropriate from the society's funds a sum of £1,000 stock to the benevolent fund connected with the Sacred Harmonic Society. A resolution was also adopted, allocating a sum of 380 guineas to be applied to the presentation of some testimonial to the members of the committee individually, having regard to their labours in relation to the Handel Festival and the general satisfaction experienced in connection therewith.

PROVINCIAL.

NORWICH.—The annual performance of *The Messiah*, by the Festival Choral Society, took place in St. Andrew's Hall, on the 23rd instant, when it was as usual attended by a crowded audience. With the exception of the tenor part (which was sung by Mr. Morgan, of London), all the solos were taken by members of the society. The band and chorus, consisting of above three hundred performers, were very effective. Mr. Harcourt presided at the organ, and Mr. J. F. Hill conducted the performance.

BELFAST.—The Anacreontic Society's second concert came off at the Music Hall, with all the anticipated success. The room was crowded. Mr. Balfe and his daughter had caused disappointment here, as elsewhere; but no dissatisfaction could have been experienced with the artists who kept their engagement:—Mdlle. Corbari, Madame Badia, Madame Fiorentini, Herr Reichardt, Sig. Tagliafico, and Mr. J. L. Hatton; Sig. Sivori (violin), Sig. Bottesini (contra basso), Herr Engel (harmonium), and Mr. Brinley Richards. The whole concert was distinguished by spirit and animation; no flagging whatever, nor the slightest sign of weariness appeared when the latest hour of the night was being encroached upon. The society began the concert with a part of Mozart's symphony, *Jupiter*, Herr Kerbusch conducting, with his usual judgment, and Mr. H. Loveday leading. Mdlle. Badia commenced with a song by Signor Badia, of a lively character. Herr Reichardt and Signor Tagliafico then gave Goldberg's duo, "The Mariners," the hearty voice of Tagliafico, and the soft and expressive notes of Reichardt blending with the best possible effect, and eliciting deserved applause. Signor Sivori delighted his auditory in a solo of the Paganini school. In a duo with Signor Bottesini he equally distinguished himself, whilst the latter fully maintained his character as an unrivalled master of the *contra basso*. Mdlle. Corbari displayed a fine soprano voice, and sang a *bravura* air with the greatest animation and fluency. Madame Fiorentini's style of singing was not so full of life and expression as Mdlle. Corbari's, but distinguished by ease and steadiness. The second part opened with the overture to the *Siege of Corinth*. Signor Bottesini gratified the auditory by his *Andante* with *Variations*, therondo from *Sonnambula* being rendered with exquisite grace and effect. Such delicate tones from the double bass have rarely been heard. We should be very forgetful did we neglect to mention Herr Reichardt's "I know an eye so softly bright," rendered with infinite sweetness, taste, and expression. The feeling which he threw into this charming song "might have soothed the brow of Saul," and nothing could be more deserving of the enthusiastic and protracted applause which followed. Herr Reichardt gave a lively song ("Are they meant but to deceive me"—translated from the Polish by John Oxenford), instead of the one re-demanded, which gave equal satisfaction. Herr Engel introduced the harmonium, and showed his audience what might be done with that popular instrument. The society gave two specimens of their own vocalism—a part-song, "When evening's twilight," and a chorus, "Now, warlike deeds"—both in a creditable manner. The pianoforte playing of Mr. Brinley Richards was on a par with the excellence of the rest of the concert; and, on the whole, the evening was so well spent, and the performance so creditable to both professional and amateur artists engaged, that we can find no fault with the manner in which the Anacreontic Society have commenced the year 1860.

WAKEFIELD.—On Friday week Handel's *Messiah* was performed at the Corn Exchange, by a full band and chorus, numbering upwards of two hundred performers. The proceeds are to be devoted to the Church Restoration Fund. The spacious hall was crowded to suffocation, the front seats being filled by a very select company, most of whom were in full dress. The band and chorus were the finest ever heard in Wakefield, if, indeed, one superior was ever gathered in the West Riding. It included a large number of the best performers from all parts of the Riding, many of whom gave their services gratuitously. Amongst the violinists we noticed Messrs. Shaw and White, of York;

Tennant, of Dewsbury; and Phillips, of Wakefield. Mr. J. Emmerson, of Wakefield, presided at the organ, and Mr. Donager, of Wakefield, was principal flautist; trumpet, Mr. Lofthouse; and conductor, Mr. Phillips, of Sheffield. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Fitton, Mrs. Lofthouse, and Miss Newbound; and Messrs. Inkersall, H. Wilson, and Lambert, of the Chapel Royal, Windsor. The whole of the arrangements reflect great credit upon the management, and we doubt not the effect will be apparent in a substantial addition to the Restoration Fund.—*Wakefield Express*.

BIRMINGHAM.—The third and last of the present series of concerts given by the members of the "Birmingham Musical Union," took place at Dee's Assembly Room, on the evening of Monday last. Mozart's Quartet (No. 7), as the opening piece, was well given by Messrs. Hayward, Alfred, Clementi, and Lidel, and made a deep impression, especially in the second movement, an exquisite *andante*. Miss Lascelles sang an aria from the *Huguenots*, and a scena from the *Orpheus* of Gluck. Mr. H. Hayward gave a violin solo of his own composition, consisting of two movements, an *andante*, and a polonaise, with pianoforte and harmonium accompaniments, in which he made many clever points. The great performance of the evening was the Beethoven quartet (op. 16), which introduced Mr. Barnett to a Birmingham audience. Clearness and facility of touch were the characteristics of his playing, and these qualities admirably adapted him for the work before him, in which he was ably assisted by Messrs. Hayward, Clementi, and Lidel. The *andante cantabile* movement, marked by its graceful reminiscence of Mozart's "Batti, batti," as a motivo, was especially good. Mr. Barnett selected for his solo performance the numbers six and three of the third book of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*; and, if we except the reading of the last portion of No. 6, the performance was perfect. Messrs. Duchemin and Lidel gave a sonata for pianoforte and violoncello with a spirit and at a speed that would have been hazardous to any but first-rate artists. They were deservedly applauded for the brilliant result of their joint efforts. The performances of the evening were brought to a conclusion by Hummel's trio (Op. 93), in which Mr. C. E. Flavell, at the pianoforte, maintained his well-earned reputation as a most finished performer, and, being well supported by the strings of Messrs. Hayward and Lidel, the result was exceedingly gratifying, forming, as it did, so successful a finale to the second season of the "Union," to the members of which the musical public of Birmingham are highly indebted.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.—Lessee Mr. E. T. SMITH.—**JACK ET LA TIGE DE FÈVE.**—Sous le règne du Grand Alfred vivait une pauvre femme qui avait à peine de quoi supporter sa misérable existence et celle de son jeune garçon. Elle avait en vaine essayé d'améliorer son sort, car dans ce qu'elle entreprenait tout tournait contre elle. Cet enfant, qu'elle aimait tant, était loin de la consoler par son zèle et sa conduite; semblable à beaucoup d'enfants de son âge, il préférait le jeu à tout. Un jour sa bonne mère lui dit, les larmes aux yeux, "Jack, il ne nous reste plus rien que notre vache, et il faut nous en défaire ou périr de faim." Jack partit donc pour le marché, et pour rendre, son voyage plus agréable se mit à chanter toutes sortes de chansons, jusqu'à ce qu'il eut rencontré un boucher qui l'aborda d'un air fort amical. Cet homme avait son plan, et il songeait à le mettre à exécution tandis que tous deux poursuivaient leur route en devisant de chose et d'autres. Ce méchant homme fit si bien qu'il persuada au pauvre Jack de lui vendre sa vache pour quelques fèves de la plus brillante couleur. Jack qui n'en savait pas plus long, se laissa attrapper, et croyant avoir fait une excellente affaire, il retourna chez sa mère. Lorsque sa mère vit quel triste marché il avait conclu, elle prit toutes les fèves et lui dit: "Est-ce là, méchant enfant, le tour que je devais attendre de toi? Tous mes soins, toute mon affection ne pouvaient-ils t'inspirer un peu de bon sens? Qui voudrait s'imaginer qu'un enfant tel que toi, si malin lorsqu'il s'agit de faire quelque drôle de tour, serait assez sot que d'abandonner notre vache, notre dernière ressource, pour une poignée de fèves?" Ce disant, elle alla jeter les fèves dans un plant de choux, et envoya Jack coucher sans souper. Le lendemain matin, Jack vit avec surprise que les fèves avaient en une seule nuit pris racine et crû d'une manière vraiment extraordinaire. Il courut chercher sa mère, et l'amena près d'une tige de fève qui avait certainement les dimensions d'un arbre dont la tige se perdait dans les nuages. La bonne femme resta toute ébahie, et se perdit en conjectures sur la croissance subite d'une telle tige de fève. Quant à Jack, s'étant assuré de la solidité de la tige, il résolut de grimper jusqu'en haut, dans l'espérance d'avoir plus de chance dans cette entreprise que dans la première. Sa mère ne le vit pas monter sans éprouver quelques craintes; mais Jack la rassura.

"Chère maman," lui dit-il, "j'ai le pressentiment que cette tentative tournera à notre avantage, ainsi ne vous tourmentez pas, j'ai du courage et de l'activité, et je crois que la moment est venu de vous prouver que je suis un bon fils." Après avoir monté quelque temps, il atteignit la cime de l'arbre, il en était temps, car ses jambes étaient fatiguées, et ses mains n'avaient plus la force de le soutenir. Il aperçut alors une contrée triste et déserte. Il y aborda, s'assit et se mit à réfléchir. Bientôt après parut une fée couverte de vêtements magiques et entourée d'une lumière resplendissante. Elle lui adressa la parole avec bonté et lui dit, "Mon enfant, il faut partir à l'instant pour aller punir l'ogre qui est votre ennemi le plus invétéré. C'est lui qui a tué votre père, et s'il vous a épargné ainsi que votre mère, c'est sous la condition qu'elle ne révélerait jamais ce qu'elle sait. Les richesses de votre père sont cachées dans le château de l'ogre. Ainsi donc, suivez mon conseil, partez et allez à ce château." Il se mit de suite en route et atteignit avant la nuit le vaste château des géants. Il frappa à la porte, et vit bientôt avec la plus grande surprise une femme de proportions monstrueuses, dont les gros yeux fixes eussent suffi pour donner la chair de poule. Cependant, malgré sa laideur, elle n'avait pas un air refrogné, et elle sourit en regardant Jack. Le pauvre garçon essaya de balbutier quelques mots, qu'elle interrompit en lui demandant, d'une voix assez semblable au bruit d'un gong, ce qu'il voulait à cette heure avancée. Jack reprit un peu de courage en se rappelant ce que lui avait dit la fée. Il la salua avec beaucoup de respect, et après s'être excusé d'avoir frappé si fort à la porte, il la pria instamment de lui donner un morceau de pain et un abri pour la nuit. "Vous ne savez guère, mon cher petit, ce que vous demandez. Je suis la femme du grand ogre à qui ce château appartient, et quoique y entre doit y laisser la vie. Mais je vois avec peine que vous êtes très fatigué, et je n'aurai pas la cruauté de vous chasser. Venez avec moi, j'essaierai de vous cacher dans mon grand chaudron. Mais ne l'oubliez pas, il faut que vous soyez parti avant la pointe du jour," Jack entendit bientôt l'ogre qui rentrait, et qui d'un ton bourru, demandait qu'on lui apportât son souper. Il appela ensuite sa poule et lui commanda de pondre quelques œufs d'or; ensuite il s'endormit, et se mit à ronfler. Le bruit qu'il faisait ressemblait au tonnerre. Alors Jack s'aventura à passer un peu la tête hors du chaudron et vit ces œufs si brillants, qui n'étaient pas loin de sa portée. Tout à coup il prit son courage à deux mains, s'élança hors du chaudron, empocha les œufs d'or, et ayant attiré vers lui la poule, il s'en empara et s'enfuit. Il retrouva bientôt son énorme tige de fève et descendit sans perdre un seul moment. Sa mère, qui le croyait perdu, fut enchantée de le revoir; mais elle ne put contenir sa joie en voyant son cher Jack sortir de sa poche sa provision d'œufs d'or; il lui raconta comment il s'en était emparé, et avec quel empressement il les lui avait apportés. "Le géant," continua-t-il, "s'éveilla et se mit à courir après moi pour avoir sa poule favorite; mais mes jambes valaient mieux que les siennes, aussi suis-je descendu de la tige sans lever les yeux, de peur du monstre armé de sa massue." Jack s'empressa de chercher une maison comode et bien approvisionnée pour sa mère; puis l'amour des aventures lui fit penser à la fameuse tige de fève, et il se décida à tenter une autre excursion. Il se déguisa, et le jour suivant il grimpa lestement à la cime de la tige et pénétra adroitement jusque dans le château de l'ogre. Cette fois-ci il s'empara de la belle harpe du géant, la harpe s'écria, "Maître, maître!" Mais Jack gagna son arbre au plus vite, et avec l'aide des bonnes fées, il s'esquiva avec l'instrument, sans avoir été atteint par l'ogre, qui le poursuivait armé d'une grosse pierre. Jack était trop vif et trop agile pour se laisser prendre. Le géant le voyant échapper à sa poursuite voulut aussi profiter de la tige de fève et se mit à descendre avec précaution. Mais Jack, qui était arrivé très vite en bas, alla chercher une hache, et en quelques coups il coupa la tige par sa base, de sorte que l'ogre tomba à terre roide mort. Alors parurent les bonnes fées, qui dirent à Jack, "Aujourd'hui vous avez vengé votre père, vous êtes riches, et vous, ainsi que votre mère, vous aurez une existence heureuse, digne récompense de la persévérance et du courage que vous avez montré."

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In sorrow's hour and life's decline,
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I did not dream those cherished chords
So lightly could be broken.
Oh! take me to thy heart again.

I think how very sad and lone
This life would be without thee;
For all the joys my heart hath known
Are closely twined around thee.
Oh! teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so blindly;
And be once more the gentle guide
Who smiled on me so kindly.
Then take me to thy heart again.

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And why no pleasures charm me?
It is not Love torments me so:
I scorn the wily urchin's bow,
His arrows cannot harm me!

I try to sing—my voice is sad!
I sleep! but then 'tis just as bad—
Such gloomy things I dream on!
Can you not tell? nor you? nor you?
Oh then I know not what to do
To charm away the demon.

I sometimes think, if "I know who"
Were here, he'd tell me what to do,
To bid the demon slumber!
Could I but hear his voice again,
I'm sure 'twould cheer my heart—but then
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I'm not in love, remember.

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